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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"HUSTLE."

You may tell that story about the hare
And tortoise as oft as you will;
I know that the man who "hustles" gets
there
Ahead of the one who sits still.

Of course he stumbles who goes too fast,
But I'd rather blunder and fall,
Yet reach my goal somehow at last,
Than never get there at all.

The slow, methodical, cautious man,
Who is always decrying haste,
Who never achieves, but is great to plan—
Well, he isn't the man to my taste.

In watching mankind I have noted the fact
And I hold it a truth indeed,
To be rapid in thought, and steady in act,
Is the very best way to succeed.

But then we are not all built that way,
And the next thing in life's tussle,
Towards winning the prize is to be, I say,
The one who is willing to "hustle."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"MUGGINS."

Van Gaiters bought his famous
bull pup when bull pups were
in fashion, and paid a good round
sum for him. The pup came of a
long line of fighting ancestors, and
his noble name was Muggins.

Inside of a week Muggins had
Van Gaiters completely in sub-
jection. Muggins slept on Van
Gaiters's bed and chawed Van
Gaiters's feet when he moved them
in the night; Muggins breakfasted
on Van Gaiters's cuffs, lunched on
Van Gaiters's boots, dined and
supped on choice bits of Van
Gaiters's friends.

Muggins plus Van Gaiters
walked down Fifth Avenue of an
afternoon, and was sure to become
involved in some street brawl be-
fore Van Gaiters got him home
again. Generally Van Gaiters got
mixed up in the row as well, and
once the two landed in a police
station and had to be bailed out.

Not that Muggins picked quarrels.
Far from that. But Muggins was
so bow-legged that he walked in a
chain stitch pattern from one side
of the walk to the other, and Mug-
gins was of an ugliness that ap-
palled one; like the reflection of a
respectable dog in a convex mirror
with a kink in it.

There was something about the
crooked yet jaunty advance of him,
something in the slanting leer of
his bulky brown eye, that set other
dogs' teeth on edge. Hence battle
for Muggins brooked no criticism.
Pugs and such things he rolled
about on the cobbles until their
tails were out of curl. But when
big dogs went home minus an ear,
or a section of tail, or with badly
lacerated leg, the owner merely
groaned, "It's that beastly bull
pup of Van Gaiters's."

So much for the valor of Muggins.
For intelligence, Muggins was a
wonder. Humor—Muggins's sense
of humor was colossal.

He used regularly to charge up-
on the blind man who sold pencils
at the foot of the "L" Station, and
grab the handful of his wares the
old fellow so pathetically extended.
Then Muggins would retreat to
the cable track to devour them,
leaving Van Gaiters to pick up the
poor old chap, set him on his camp
stool and make good the loss. The
blind man never came to endure
Muggins's onslaughts with equa-
nimity, though he profited largely
by this novel method of sale.

Muggins went about Brooklyn in
a cab with Van Gaiters at the time
of the trolley strikes, when Van
Gaiters was hunting up sensations
and various regimental friends of
his. Muggins escaped from the cab
in Hicks Street, and upset a
whole company of the 13th Regi-
ment boys, who were drilling in
front of a Chinese laundry, their
temporary quarters. Muggins
started to run around the block,
and dashed between the legs of
Company K, then changed his
mind and dashed back again, bow-
ling over the whole line. The boys
were angry enough to have bayo-
netted him if Van Gaiters had not
caught him in the rebound and
hauled him into the cab.

Then Muggins was the sworn
enemy of the young DePeysters,
next door, who were always play-
ing tricks on the passers-by. They
were trying the cobblestone trick
one day, and had set on the walk a
granite block done up in wrapping
paper with a pink string. While
they lurked in an arseway, waiting
to hoot at the first unfortunate who

should attempt to kick it out of his
path, Muggins came trotting down
the steps and made for it. The
boys charged him, but Muggins
kept them off. He tried his jaw on
each of the four corners of the
block, and a howl of derision went
up from his foes. Then Muggins
tried to carry it off by the string
and failed. Finally, with infinite
difficulty and low growls, he rolled
it to the foot of the Van Gaiters'
steps and stood guard over it, nib-
bling it pensively the while till his
master appeared.

It was "tamale" year that year,
and tamale men were on every
corner. Muggins had ideas on the
subject. He liked the smell of the
hot tamales and the grateful warmth
emerging from the big tin cans in
which the tamales were stored. If
he found a tamale man absent from
his post for a moment Muggins
would squat down like a Chinese
idol in front of the can and take
charge of it for the rest of the even-
ing, while customers waited and
the tamale man shrieked and swore,
afraid to approach, and Van Gait-
ers enjoyed the fun.

Then Muggins prevented his
master from proposing to Miss
Emilia Remsen. The night of Mrs.
Van Gaiters' Empire ball Muggins
had concealed himself in the con-
servatory some time during the day
and appeared just when Van Gait-
ers was starting in. Emilia look-
ed very well under the light of the
fairy lamps, it was all very tender
and touching. Muggins changed
all that by pretending to start a
rat, or a cat, or any old thing, and
chivvying it round and round the
conservatory till he got Van Gaiters
laughing so that he couldn't speak
and another man came up and
claimed Emilia for the next dance,
and there was an end of that.
Very glad Van Gaiters was of it,
too, for just then he fell in love
with little Marie.

Marie was the only person whom
Muggins feared. She was a second
cousin and poor, and visited the
Van Gaiters most of the time. You
can judge of her status in the
family by the fact that the children
alternately hugged and bullied her,
and the elders made her handsome
presents when they remembered
her existence.

Marie was little, and fragile, and
sensitive, but by no means a cow-
ard. She remained dependent
because she had been brought up
to believe that she would be doing
a deadly injury to the family if she
attempted to earn a living for her-
self. She had the courage of a
dozen men in her slender body, and
was only withheld from rash and
plebeian enterprise by her loyalty
to the great Van Gaiters' line.

Muggins was rather nice to
Marie. True he affected her so-
ciety when she didn't want him
and deserted her when she most
needed consolation, yet he paid
considerable attention to her com-
mands and came to her after his
battles to be bathed, healed and
lectured.

Van Gaiters, perhaps, might
have explained this partiality.
Marie had not been anxious to
make Muggins' acquaintance. In-
deed, Muggins had been obliged to
introduce himself. He entered
into Marie's room one day and
seized a pair of slippers. Marie
shrieked, and Muggins fled down
the hall, his mouth full of red Mo-
rocco. Marie pursued and caught
him just outside Van Gaiters' door.
Van Gaiters, hearing the scuffle,
rushed out and was astonished to
find Marie kneeling on the pros-
trate Muggins, and pommeling him
violently with both little fists.
Muggins was snarling like a fiend,
and his face was screwed up like a
withered apple; but protect him-
self he could not unless he gave
up his prey, and relinquish it he
would not while life lasted and
any one opposed. So Marie con-
tinued to beat him.

Van Gaiters grasped Marie by
one thin little wrist and drew her
to her feet. She was crimson and
out of breath, and more than a
little ashamed of herself.

"I hope I haven't hurt him,
Gerard," she said apologetically.
Van Gaiters could have roared,
but he asked very seriously what
Muggins had done.

"Stole," said Marie briefly.
Van Gaiters looked, but was un-

able to ascertain the nature of
Muggins' mouthful.

"Something valuable?"
"To me, yes," said little Marie,
with a sob in her throat, and then
she turned and hurried away.

Muggins started after her, his
big under jaw hanging. Then he
let the slipper fall and followed her
silently, apologetically, his bullet
head dropped upon his massive
chest. Marie slammed the door in
his face, and Muggins sat down
outside. Presently he began to
chaw energetically at the wood-
work, and Marie opened the door
on a crack. Muggins frisked gro-
tesquely and pawed the door. It
was opened a little wider and Mug-
gins shot in.

"By Jove, that's a bright dog,"
said Van Gaiters, picking up the
discolored object from the floor.
"If it isn't one the Turkish slip-
pers I bought Marie at the fool
bazaar last summer. Well, well!"
and Van Gaiters walked into his
room, reflective, and set the poor,
little mangled slipper in the place
of honor on his mantel piece.

He had never noticed Marie very
much, but he always had been
kind to her in a careless way. Now
he noticed her a great deal, for
there seemed to be something un-
canny in her ascendancy over Mug-
gins. His own attempts to dis-
cipline the beastly bull pup had
been a dismal failure, and here
was little Marie ordering the brute
about as she pleased. He tried to
find out her methods, but Marie
was reticent on the subject and so
was Muggins.

Still Muggins relapsed from grace
occasionally. Once when he ate
Marie's best hat Van Gaiters heard
of it and wanted to buy her another,
and little Marie refused, almost
rudely, to allow it. There was
never a more astonished man than
Gerard Van Gaiters when he found
he had fallen in love with little
Marie, except when he informed
little Marie that he wanted to mar-
ry her and Marie refused him out
and out. The little thing even
seemed to take a cold delight in
his discomfiture. Only when Van
Gaiters sulkily announced his in-
tention of going abroad and for-
getting her she offered to take
charge of Muggins.

So Muggins went down to Long
Island by boat along with little
Marie and the particular Van Gait-
ers' aunt with whom she was to
spend the summer.

No word came from Marie, but his
aunt wrote Gerard a letter of griev-
ance against Muggins. Muggins
had disgraced himself. Marie had
bribed the mate of the steamboat
to take charge of Muggins for the
night, and the man had chained
Muggins to the leg of the lower
berth in his stateroom.

Muggins had promptly chawed—
no other word expresses Muggins's
method—chawed it through, and
when the mate turned in at 3.30 in
the morning he found Muggins
peacefully snoring in the lower
berth with his head on the pillow.
The man was afraid to wake Mug-
gins, and afraid to climb over him
to the upper berth, so he turned
the quilt over Muggins, and, in
his own words:

"Chuckled him out. An' he runs
all over de boat and inter de ladies'
cabin, and scares de wimmen half
ter det', till d' engineer catches
him and makes him fast ter der
captain."

The captain had been freshly
painted vermilion, and in the
morning Muggins was a gory hor-
ror. The monster refused to get
into the carriage which awaited
them at the landing, and none of
the deck hands would go near him,
so little Marie had to boost him in
herself.

Van Gaiters didn't go to Europe
at all. He went down to Long
Island instead. His aunt was sur-
prised to see him walk in one hot
day.

"Well!" said his aunt.

"I came down," said Van Gait-
ers, "to look after Muggins."

"Muggins is out walking now,"
said his aunt, "and Marie is with
him, I believe. They are insepar-
able."

"Which way?" asked Van Gait-
ers, after he had something cool
to drink.

"You are throwing yourself
away, Gerard," said his aunt.

"But if you follow the path
through the field there, into the
woods, you will find—Muggins."

"Thank you, aunty," said Van
Gaiters.

Van Gaiters followed the path
till it led him into the thick of the
woods; still no Muggins, no Marie.
He hoped Muggins would have
sense enough to make himself
scarce. He wanted to say some
things to little Marie, things no
fellow could say with a frog-faced
bull pup staring at him. That
goggled-eyed Muggins would take
the sentiment out of any man.

Still no Marie. Perhaps Mug-
gins had cavorted off through the
underbrush and led her away from
the beaten path. Perhaps they
were coming home another way.
Perhaps—what was that?

A shrill scream, and another,
and another. Van Gaiters set off at
a run. That was Marie, as sure as
fate. What could have happened?
Was she hurt? Why was she so
quiet now? And where was Mug-
gins? Muggins should be taking
care of her.

"Marie! Marie!" No answer.
She must be hurt. What right had
they to let her run about like this,
little Marie, with no one to look
after her? He would soon stop at
that.

A turn to the woodland way, and
Van Gaiters almost fell over her.
She was sitting in the middle of the
path, with Muggins's head in her
lap. She looked at Gerard with
her mouth open, and the big tears
running down her cheeks.

"Ah, Gerard," said she, "poor
Muggins!"

"What has happened?" gasped
Van Gaiters, kneeling down be-
side her. There was a distant
cracking in the underbrush. Van
Gaiters sprang to his feet.

"No no," said Marie, catching
at his arm; "It's too late now—the
man oh, oh, such a brute! If it
hadn't been for Muggins—"

Muggins tried to lift his battered
head, but dropped it with a queer,
gruff moan. He was covered with
blood, and so was Marie.

"The man sprang out and
caught my arm, and I called Mugg-
gins, who was some way behind,
and Muggins flew at his throat,
and the man let go.

And then Muggins got him by the
arm and hung on and wouldn't be
shaken off. And the fellow beat
him with a great stick, and final-
ly Muggins dropped.

Muggins quivered and wagged
his stump of a tail feebly, and
Marie took one of his clumsy paws
tenderly and held it in her small
hand.

"Poor Muggy, poor, bad, brave
old Muggy, who loved me!"
"Rook! Woof!" And so, with
that hoarse bark, he died, game to
the last, and most sincerely mourn-
ed.

Van Gaiters buried him there
under a big oak tree, and cut
"Muggins" in the bark, and pro-
posed again to little Marie on
the way home.

"Please, Gerard," said little
Marie, "another day."

"To-day," said Gerard stoutly.
But it was not that day, nor for
many a long day, that little Marie
made answer.

By that time Muggins's epitaph
had extended until it climbed up
into the branches. Van Gaiters
added something to it every time
he and Marie visited Muggins's
grave.

"That beastly bull pup," said
Gerard, jealously, one day, when
Marie and he were reading the
finished epitaph aloud; "we've
made him out a regular angel."

"Poor Muggy," said Marie soft-
ly, putting her frail little hand on
his sleeve. "Poor, bad, brave old
Muggy, who loved me!"

And that, I think, should have
been Muggins's epitaph.—*Vogue*.

THE ANT.

The instincts of the ant are very
unimportant, considered as the
ant's, but the moment a ray of re-
lation is seen to extend from it to
man and the little drudge is seen
to be a monitor, a little body with
a mighty heart, then all its habits,
even that said to be recently ob-
served, that it never sleeps, become
sublime.—*Emerson*.

A GLAD HAND FOR VOTERS.

I once heard John Sherman make
a rousing political speech in Fan-
euil Hall. At its close he bitterly
depreciated, to the men round him
on the platform, the disagreeable
custom of shaking hands with com-
plete strangers.

Two minutes afterward a line of
men and brothers were filing across
the stage, and sturdy old John S.
was greeting each as he passed with
an appearance of favor wonderful-
ly well assumed. Yet in the light
of the remark I had overheard, I
could penetrate the disguise and
note the underlying weariness.

John Sherman is one of the
pleasantest men in public life to
meet when you really know him
and he cares to unbend, but with
strangers he is always on his
guard. There is at such times no
magnetism in his smile or voice,
little warmth in the grip of his
thin, sinewy hand. His personality
appeals to the head rather than the
heart of the average man.

There died the other day a Mas-
sachusetts man so exactly the op-
posite of John Sherman that, at
thirty-nine, he had become the
foremost New England leader of a
great party, largely by virtue of
his handshaking gifts.

No one ever called John Sherman
"Jack" or "Johnny." Few knew
ex-Gov. William E. Russell at all
well who did not think of him as
"Billy." And no one ever heard
him regret the necessity of meeting
the plain, average citizen, and
grasping his hand, because he en-
joyed it. He had the gift of the
agreeable. It used to be said of
him in exaggeration that he could
make a speech in a town, meet one
hundred men, and cause each to
think the visit was made to meet
him personally.

Not so much of an exaggeration,
either, when you look at the re-
sults.

Russell became Mayor of Cam-
bridge when young; met other
mayors and people; became
personally popular from the Berk-
shires to Norman's Woe; ran for
Governor, and was defeated; met
more people; ran again and was
defeated with greater difficulty;
met more people; ran again, and
was elected and remained Governor
as long as he wished, and was at
thirty-nine a prominent presiden-
tial possibility—this was a more
wonderful career than any one
could have called Bryan's a month
ago.

It is not belittling Russell's un-
doubted ability to ascribe most of
his success to his personal charm.
Other men have had ability as
great or greater, and gone but very
little way with it.

Russell's hand was lean and
athletic, usually tanned brown.
His right forearm was considerably
bigger and stronger than his left,
from much playing of tennis; for
the same reason his grip was
strong. He had a way of meeting
people rather more than half way
with a firm, strong grasp of a fist
that somehow felt honest, as it
was.

I met McKinley for the first time
at the national convention of his
party in 1892. He was in a room-
ful of howling Ohioans, standing
firm and strong on his legs in the
middle of the place, with the others
circling all round him. There was
no need to ask who was the cen-
tral figure there. Hahn was master
of ceremonies, by the way. In
those days no one had heard of
Hanna.

I suppose McKinley looked at me
a half minute—long enough to re-
fuse to be interviewed.

Several days after he saw me in
the thousands-strong mob pouring
out of Convention Hall, and re-
cognized me at the first glance
with a bow and pleasant smile,
from which I conclude that he has
a good deal of Blaine's magic gift
of remembering faces.

McKinley's hand is chubby, but
not flabby; the fingers moderately
stout, but not fat; the grip quick,
firm and positive, not lingering,
nor yet abrupt. Perhaps it most im-
presses the recipient with the dig-
nity, force and self-poise of the man
on the elephant than with any other
feeling. He is one of the men to
whom other men instinctively de-
fer.

That wonderful gift of Blaine's,
by the way, was not so wonderful
but that he was willing to supple-
ment it. When entering a town
he would ask questions of those
who met him, refreshing his mem-
ory of places and people, to be used
later with telling effect. Until his
later years of illness and disap-
pointment he was a man whom it
was a pleasure to meet. Like his
chief, Garfield, his handgrasp was
that of a warm, full-blooded, strong,
human man. After all, there is
no better word to describe it than
the much-abused "magnetic."
Garfield's was a bigger and a
stronger hand than Blaine's, but
there was much similarity in their
greeting.

Because of the speech he made
and the nomination that followed,
Bryan has been often compared to
Garfield. Comparison with Mc-
Kinley would be more to the
point. Bryan's nature is more ex-
uberant, McKinley's more retained.
There is a great deal of the poet in
Bryan's make-up. He is easily
moved and impulsive, and will be
apt to let his mood affect his
manner, though doubtless he will
rapidly learn the stoic self-control
that a candidate needs. His sin-
gular resemblance to McKinley in
face and figure has often been re-
marked. Both are strong-fea-
tured, classic faces of the Roman
type. Bryan is somewhat the larger
man of the two, and his hand is
strong and firm, though not espe-
cially sinewy or athletic like
Billy Russell's.

The presidential handshake is a
different matter from the candi-
date's. Rather! When Bryan or
McKinley gets into the White
house handshaking will soon be-
come a bore, a task. The President
gets so much of it! The Cleveland
handshake is warm enough, oc-
casionally, when he meets a man
he is really glad to see, but the per-
functory shake of the White House
receptions is performed thus:
Reach well forward; catch the man
and brother by the tips of the fin-
gers, so he can't squeeze; pull him
gently past; release him, reach for
the next one.

This method keeps 'em moving
on. The precaution of grasping
the other fellow by the ends of the
fingers, by the way, is common to
all experienced handshakers. It
won't do—if he is President—to let
too many people squeeze and crush
one's hand if he wants to retain the
use of it for fishing rod or pen.
Cleveland's hand is distinctly
fat and broad, almost flabby. In
weather at all warm it exudes per-
spiration rapidly and is moist to
the touch. Seldom does a smile
rest upon the rather sad and stern
features of the Chief Magistrate
as he greets a stranger.

In Washington, people excepting
the President get less pumphandling
than might be supposed. There
are forty-five States. People come
from each of them. Each shakes
the President by the hand, and
perhaps one of the Senators from
his State; perhaps his Representa-
tive. Thus the Senators, in term
time, may average one-ninetieth as
much handshaking as the Presi-
dent; the Representatives a much
smaller fraction.

There is one exception. Speaker
Reed is almost as fat a man as the
President, but his hand grip is
firmer and his greeting heartier.
People of both parties like to meet
Reed and grasp his big fist. He
never seems in a hurry, and will
sometimes stand for a moment
holding a friend's hand in his and
with his left on the other's shoulder,
as if absent-mindedly.

Nobody ever thinks of shaking
hands with the Vice-President.
Messrs. Sewall and Hobart are get-
ting more practice at it now than
either will get if he's elected. Of
the two, Hobart's greeting is the
warmer and more impulsive, Se-
wall's the more reserved and dig-
nified—just the reverse of the case
with their respective chiefs.

Levi P. Morton is getting more
handshaking as Governor of New
York than he did as Vice-Presi-
dent. His hand is slender, almost
delicate; his manner is exquisitely
courteous, kindly and dignified,
and his tact almost as unerring as a
woman's. He is a perfect master
of the art of putting people at
their ease.

Gorman shakes hands as seldom
as possible. When he does, his
grip is rather fishy and cold. He
recognizes his limitations and uses
diplomacy rather than attempting
"magnetism" in his political work.
Senator Frye comes very near in-
heriting Blaine's magnetic touch.
He is a great favorite with visitors
in Washington.

Hill, like Gorman, avoids visi-
tors when he can, though he never
lets letters remain unanswered, or
in any other way neglects his con-
stituents. He is somewhat coldly
intellectual in his personality, in-
clines to moroseness and makes no
attempt at more than civility in
meeting strangers.

It is odd, by the way, that Hill,
who has worked his way up in
politics from a boy before the mast,
is in manner rather aristocratic
and unapproachable, while Whit-
ney, who climbed in through the
cabin window, is several times a
millionaire and going to be fath-
er-in-law to a Vanderbilt, is as gen-
ial and sunny in manner as Billy Rus-
sell himself. Indeed, though Whit-
ney is the abler man of the two, he
resembles Russell in his gift for per-
sonal popularity, and has the same
warm, sinewy hand clasp, though
he has never done so much electo-
neering as a man with such a
faculty for it ought to do.

Much fun was made during the
campaign of Bland and Boies and
the "cornfield shake." Boies is
not a working farmer; Bland is.
Both are strong, sturdy-faced men,
with a plain, straight-forward
manner and the hearty Western
greeting which does after all differ
from the average Eastern man.
Bland's hand is brown with Mis-
souri sunlight, and not without
callous places. The "cornfield
shake" meets the other man more
than half way, and gives him a
hearty grip, not of the ends of the
fingers, but palm to palm. Boies's
hand is whiter and softer, but his
manner much the same.

It is unnecessary to add—or
ought to be—that no man in
politics ever dreams of meeting
another with the hand held at the
level of the nose ready for the high
society handshake which is—or
was—fashions change rapidly—a
sort of side-wise wobble. That
kind of thing wouldn't be exactly
a vote getter.

I don't think that one of the men
I have named ever overdoes the
handshake; ever slops over and
becomes effusive and gushing.
Without manliness, which in
Anglo-Saxon lands implies some
self-restraint, one does not go far
in politics.

OWEN LANGDON.

Just What She Wanted.

A lady whose organ of bene-
volence was not properly devel-
oped, once sent the following adver-
tisement to a London paper:

"Lady, in delicate health, wishes to meet
with a useful companion. She must be
domesticated, musical, early riser, amiable,
if good appearance, and have some ex-
perience in nursing. Total abstainer pre-
ferred. Comfortable home. No salary."

Few days after, the advertiser
received a hamper, labelled:
"This Side Up—with Care—
Perishable."

On opening it, she found a fine
tabby cat with a letter tied to her
tail. It ran thus:

"Madam: In answer to your
advertisement, I am happy to
furnish you with a very useful com-
panion, which you will find exactly
suited to your requirements. She
is domesticated, a good vocalist, an
early riser, possesses an amiable
disposition, and is considered hand-
some. She has had great experi-
ence as a nurse, having brought up
a large family. I need scarcely
add that she is a total abstainer.
As salary to her is no object, she
will serve you faithfully in return
for a comfortable home."

It would be putting it very mild-
ly to say that this reply quite up-
set the lady's equilibrium.

Why is that when a boy is well
behaved people always say he is a
credit to his mother.

Even the invention of the look-
ing glass has not eradicated human
vanity.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00
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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

OUR Chicago correspondent gives a brief description of the Pas-a-Pas Club of that city, which ought to make New Yorkers hustle to secure similar advantages.

The Union League of Deaf-Mutes did have an exclusive club room a few years ago, but we understand things have changed, and only an occasional meeting for business purposes is held.

The Quad Club has two nights a month in which to transact business and enjoy a little sociability; but it is mostly all "business" on both of these nights. The club's roster is large enough to pay for a regular club room, at a very small assessment per capita; but it is hardly probable that they will do so.

Philadelphia has a club, under the sheltering wing of All Souls' Church, which does a great amount of good to the deaf of the "City of Brotherly Love." For a small fee, any Philadelphia deaf-mute can become a member, and as long as he conducts himself in conformity with the club rules, can enjoy the reading of a number of papers and magazines, improve his mind by witnessing or participating in debates, and add to his store of knowledge by attending the excellent lectures that are often given. The social features of the club are numerous, and include almost every kind of amusement except what has a tendency to debase.

In the JOURNAL office hangs a group portrait of the St. Louis Club, the doings of which we so often read about, but a good description of the club and its advantages has never been printed in the JOURNAL. We would like "Phil Dean" to send in a description of the St. Louis Club.

And while this club business is being discussed, it is pertinent to refer the readers to a description of the Anderson Society of Cincinnati, which was published in the last issue of the JOURNAL.

Cities having clubs or societies of the deaf, will confer a special favor by sending descriptions of the same to this paper. We will publish them in succeeding issues, and all will have the benefit of a comparison of advantages, both social and literary, that are enjoyed by their deaf brethren elsewhere. It may be the means of improvement in several of the existing clubs.

This invitation is extended to literary societies composed of deaf adults and graduates of the different schools for the deaf.

SUBSCRIBERS who have been notified that their term of subscription has expired, should send in the money for renewal, otherwise their names will be stricken from the mail list. There are some who annually neglect renewing until their paper is stopped, then they write an indignant protest and ask for back numbers that have not been received. Others try the old trick of running in arrears, then when the paper has been stopped for a month or two, send in money for a year's subscription, request-

ing it to begin with the current week, and expecting to avoid payment of back dues. This trick does not succeed in the JOURNAL office. All we ask is that subscribers be as prompt and faithful in their obligations to the JOURNAL as the JOURNAL is to them.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Deaf bicyclists should take particular care at railroad crossings.

The Summer vacation of 1896 is over, and the State Institutions are re-opening.

Wallace Cook, of Long Branch, N. J., has not been able to sell his job-printing office yet.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Fanwood Quad Club takes place on Saturday, September 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Delp, of Philadelphia, Pa., called on Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schuster, of Woodbury, N. J. on Sunday, August 23d.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society put a baseball club in the field a few weeks ago, and strange as it may appear, has not yet been defeated.

On Sunday afternoon, August 30th, a deaf-mute young girl, whose name could not be learned, had a narrow escape from drowning at Coney Island.

The number of deaf-mutes who have visited "Chinatown" in New York City must be large. Most very one I have met has visited the quarters.

Mrs. George Homer's son-in-law is now in Kennebunkport, Me., with his family. He was in London and witnessed the wedding procession of the Princess Mand, daughter of the Prince of Wales.

A deaf-mute, who lives not a hundred miles from New York City, recently bought a bicycle on the installment plan. The firm he bought the wheel from has failed, and he has stopped paying for the wheel.

Hoboken, N. J., is all right. New Yorkers who moved there have returned to their first love, New York City, it is true, but the deaf population of that prosperous German town is still on the increase.

There lives in Chicago a deaf-mute printer, graduate of Fanwood, who is an honor to the school from which he graduated. He is faithful, first of all to himself, but never for a moment forgets his teachers.

Little Myrtle Louise Carlan, the beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlan, whose birthday occurred on August 23d, was celebrated very pleasantly by a visit at the home of Mr. Fred W. Baars and his mother in Chicago, and she also received several nice presents.

During a thunder storm recently, Henry Betels took refuge in the porch of a church at 123d Street and Lenox Avenue, New York. The steeple was struck by lightning and Henry was knocked unconscious for a few minutes. When he recovered, he picked up a fragment of the steeple that the lightning had dislodged, and carried it to his home as a memento of his close shave with death.

One day Messrs. Hanson and Douglas started to have a sail on the bay at Port Washington. They had a fine time at first, but as bad luck would have it, they ran the sailboat on a sandy beach, and took to bathing. After then they found to their chagrin that the tide had run out and left their boat high and dry. They had to wait till midnight for return of high tide, and got floated off one more. Wind then died out and they had hard work to get home. However, they stuck to their ship like good sailors.

Gundersdorff-Colligan.

PRETTY WEDDING CELEBRATION IN BLOOMFIELD STREET SATURDAY NIGHT.

A pretty wedding in which two Hobokenites figured as principals was celebrated Saturday night. The contracting parties were Mr. Edward Gundersdorff of 406 Washington Street and Miss Lena Colligan of 335 Bloomfield Street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain of New York. Mr. Fred Quinn officiated as best man and Miss Miss A. Quinn acted as bridesmaid.

The bride was attired in white satin, trimmed with silk embroidery. Miss Quinn was dressed in white silk.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, a wedding supper was partaken of.

Dancing then began, and for several hours the guests made merry. The happy young husband and wife departed at a late hour for Niagara Falls, where they will spend their honeymoon.—New Jersey Evening News.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

SEPTEMBER.

6-10.45 A.M., St. James', Buffalo. Holy Communion.
6-7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester. Evening Prayer.
12-3.30 P.M., Boston, Mass.
20-9.30 A.M., Trinity, Utica. Holy Communion.
20-3 P.M., Zion Church, Rome. Evening Prayer.
30-7.30 P.M., Oneida, N. Y. Evening Prayer.

Other appointments may be made between the above dates.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society's Picnic.

A LARGELY ATTENDED AFFAIR.

But Not Till Evening Was There Much of a Crowd--The Games Well Contested--Seymour Gomprecht a Fast Sprinter--The News of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lonnabary's address is 236 East 59th Street, New York City.

Any society that could get the crowd that characterized the picnic of the New Jersey Society's picnic at Roseville Park, Newark, N. J., last Saturday, would have felt proud. Just what its size was would be hard to reckon, except in rough figures, and at this it might safely be placed at eight hundred for the afternoon and evening. However, there was but a slim attendance at the time the games were scheduled to come off, and the representatives of the Mutual Club, of Philadelphia, must have felt that their fare money was ill-spent, but at half-past three, when the games began in earnest, there were two hundred spectators, and with the approach of evening the crowd thickened, until at ten o'clock there were fully six hundred in the park, but of this number about half were not deaf. The dancing then waged on with a fury seldom seen at a deaf-mute picnic, and, of course, the hearing did most of the dancing.

The large crowd is attributed to the fact that in the quaint little suburb of Newark called Roseville, the people flock to that park on almost every occasion, and curiosity led a still larger crowd to see what a deaf-mute picnic was like, coupled with the fact that after ten o'clock no admission fee was charged.

To begin with, there are the games to report, which Mr. A. Capelli, the official referee, has kindly consented to do for this column, as follows:

One Hundred Yards Dash—Won by S. Gomprecht, L. A. C., 11 seconds; P. Kees, N. J. D. M. S., second.

Four Hundred and Forty Yards Run—Won by Arthur Izquierdo, F. A. A., 1 m. 26 s. W. Boyd, of New York City, led till within three or four yards of the tape, when he fell in a fainting condition. The other contestants were so far in the rear that they did not finish.

Tug-of-War—The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society team defeated the Lexington Athletic Team. Time 13 seconds. The Mutual Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., defeated a team composed of ex-Fanwood boys. Time, 8 seconds. The final pull was between the Mutuals and New Jersey teams. Mr. Nash one of the members of the New Jersey team, was too sick to take part.

Mr. Dennison, who weighs considerable more than Mr. Nash, took his place. The Mutual team won easily. The names and weights of the respective teams are here given: Mutual Athletic Club—T. Mondeau, J. Tafe, D. Wilson, R. Ormrod—589 pounds. Ex-Fanwood Boys—A. Izquierdo, W. Slattery, J. H. Van Seggar, J. H. Goor—570 pounds.

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society—J. Limpert, J. Nash, E. Scheffler, H. Silvermond—593 pounds. Lexington Athletic Club—G. Schwing, A. Bernhard, L. Metzger, H. Muller—586 pounds.

Sack Race (100 yards)—A. Pfandler, L. A. C., P. Kees, N. J. D. M. S., and A. Izquierdo, F. A. A., were the contestants. A. Izquierdo won. Time, 44 seconds. The others did not finish.

Half Mile Run—A. Izquierdo, F. A. A., first, 3 m. 14 s.; W. Fricke, L. A. C., second. One Mile Run—H. Muller won. Time, 7 m. 12 s. J. Ward and J. H. Goor were the others who tied the mark, but gave up after the third lap.

The Potato Race was won by Miss Josie Hattersley, of Trenton, N. J., who was considered the belle at the picnic.

Now, aside from the official referee's account and comments, New York has a new fast sprinter in Seymour Gomprecht of the L. A. C. His time was given as eleven seconds, but there is no telling what he might accomplish with a better track and a stop watch to time him. His parents and brothers were present and felt well repaid for the journey from this city. To win an athletic contest is an honor that should not be taken as insignificant. Until Gomprecht's record is beaten by some other deaf-mute he will remain the champion one hundred yard sprinter.

The Mutual Club of Philadelphia did not send its best tug-of-war

team, but those that came simply made their opponents slide over ground until all fell sideways. Even Wm. Slattery was pulled over to the dividing pole and nearly cut in twain. When he got up he made his "buts" and "ifs" stifle the atmosphere.

As darkness fell on the picknickers the eating booths were sought as well as near by restaurants, and after this the dancing at the pavilion was kept up till the closing hour, at twelve o'clock.

As usual there were a few fresh chappies and several loads the owners had difficulty in carrying, and for fistie encounters this picnic waves the flag of glory. But it was not the fault of the society or the committee.

Chas. Lawrence, Jr., the president, was not present, owing to the recent death of his father. The other officers were all present, as follows: Emil Schieffler, Vice-President; Paul Kees, Recording Secretary; John Newcomb, Financial Secretary; William Hutton, Treasurer; and John M. Black, Sergeant-at-Arms.

John Black was also chairman of the committee on arrangements of the picnic, and the way he conducted affairs demonstrated his ability in the line. While expenses were curtailed, yet nothing was left undone to add to the pleasure of all and the success of the affair, and be it to his credit that the society is richer thereby. His aides were Henry Wentz, John Newcomb, Emil Schieffler and Ed. Manning.

Henry Samuels acted as floor manager, assisted by John Limpert and Abe Max, while the floor committee consisted of William Hutton, John Ward, R. A. Salmon, Paul Kees and Edward Gundersdorff; and Frank Lenox, James Nash, A. L. Thomas, Chas. Humer, Herbert, Fiebigler, Frank Purcell, John Frank and Chas. Partington, constituted the reception committee. As to who were there, there were so many from Newark and other towns of the State, from Pennsylvania and New York, that a list would simply take up a lot of space, as well as it was difficult to get names owing to the large number of hearing people present.

Miss Minnie Elkins has been spending a few days in Huntington, Long Island.

Miss Mattie Lynch, of New Brunswick, N. J., is spending a week in Newark, N. J.

Miss Perry is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. McManus in Newark, N. J., for two weeks.

Simon Hirsch has been out West for several weeks and will return about the middle of September.

Miss Lena Colligan and Mr. Edward Gundersdorff, of Hoboken, both graduates of Fanwood, were married on August 23d, and at the picnic Saturday were the recipients of congratulations from their friends. Both are very young, the bride being eighteen and the groom seventeen.

The many friends of Mrs. Daniel J. Ward were surprised to note her slim stature at the picnic Saturday. When a year ago she was decidedly stout, now she is reduced to the stature of one that the fashion plates shows us, and she says she is glad of it.

Quite a number of the deaf were at Grant's tomb Sunday and had the opportunity of seeing Li Hung Chang the Chinese Viceroy.

Chinese flags and bunting prevail this week, but most conspicuous is the American flag, under which are the words, "McKinley and Hobart."

W. S. Abrams contemplated taking a pleasure trip to Indianapolis this week, but being unable to get away from work abandoned his plans.

Business seems to be picking up a bit in certain lines.

William Combs and wife have moved from Brooklyn to Westfield, N. J. Mr. Combs has a steady "sit" on a Plainfield daily, which is five miles from Westfield. He was not discharged from Appleton's, but left voluntarily.

Samuel Frankenstein made a century run on his bike last Sunday. The trip was to Patchogue, L. I., and on the return, coming through Brooklyn, he lost his lamp and had to buy a Chinese lantern.

Arthur C. Bacharach is again in town, after a month spent in the Adirondacks.

TED.

Identified.

"You say you know this man? Is there any particular sign by which you recognize the corpse?"

"Oh, yes, your honor; he was deaf."—Sketch.

A Quiet Wedding.

Clergyman—"I married a deaf and dumb couple yesterday."

Reporter—"All right; I'll say it was a quiet wedding."—Tit-Bits.

He Will.

"Oh, Edgar, darling, here is a case of a woman who was struck dumb by lightning. Do you suppose her husband will love her still?"

"Certainly, my dear; he would be a freak if he didn't."—Detroit Free Press.

CHICAGO.

Pas-a-Pas Club, the Pride of the West.

A POINTER FOR NEW YORKERS.

Various Paragraphs of General News.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3716 Wabash Ave., Chicago.]

Chicago has been so long unrepresented in the JOURNAL's columns that it may not be out of place to give the readers of the JOURNAL an idea of the quarters the Pas-a-Pas Club calls its own. The old quarters on Clark Street, which became pretty well known to the deaf of the country during the World's Fair year, were found to be inadequate in 1895, and the club was lucky in securing the entire fourth floor of the building at 82 East Lake Street; the floor being 26 x 126 feet. At the time the club took possession there was room for improvements, and about \$350 was expended by the club in altering it to meet its needs. A large hall, with stage and scenery, with a seating capacity of 400; ladies' parlor; smoking room; store room; pantry and kitchen combined; two cloak rooms and two toilet rooms, were the result of the alterations, and the Pas-a-Pas members have cause for boasting of having the finest quarters of any of the clubs of its kind. The amusement programs of the club testify that the hall and stage are made good use of. The club has already held two of its balls in its own hall, but, even then, it was found rather small for that purpose. The rooms of the club are accessible to members at all times, each member having a key, and belong exclusively to the club; there being no desire to share its quarters with other organizations. This description is penned with no desire to "crow," but rather in order that the JOURNAL's readers could know what the club rooms were like, as the Chicago letters will be sure to be full of club events, etc., so it will help in understanding the facilities the club possesses for entertaining when occasion arises to chronicle something of the kind. That "cosmopolitan club" plan, so often discussed by our New York friends, seems to work all right in this section.

Last week's chief social event was the "beach picnic," at Manhattan Beach. This, while not strictly a club affair, was gotten up as part of the amusement program of the club. The "attendance" was not very large, but the day was enjoyed just the same. The past few days of cool weather caused the lake to be in rather a chilly mood, and bathers were few. However, as at most events of the kind, those who were there, proceeded to enjoy themselves. Among the party the writer managed to make note of the following:

Messrs. and Mesdames Dougherty, Codman, Kingon, Left, McCarthy; Mesdames Luttrell, Shields; Misses Wayman, Treider, Bauman, Changnon; Messrs. Hart, Regensburg, Frank, Hartung, Taylor, Sonnebom, Evanson, White, Wayman, Coulter (formerly of New York), Raser, Glos (of St. Charles, Ill.), Rutherford.

Mrs. Charles P. Day has been undergoing a siege of pleurisy for the past week, but is now out of danger.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Clason entertained a party of friends at their home in Auburn Park, Saturday evening. The occasion being in honor of Mrs. Elmer Siegfried, of Indiana.

Messrs. Kaufman Sweeney, Brimble and Schuttler, went to Milwaukee on their wheels, Saturday. As the distance is eighty-five miles, they were the only ones who thought themselves equal to the trip, the rest of the Wheelmen thinking the attempt not worth while on that account.

Miss Lillian Mory, of Appleton, Wis., has been spending a three weeks' vacation here, leaving for home Monday, the 31st. Miss Mory is a retoucher, and is employed in a studio at Appleton.

M. S. Grimm has secured a position as compositor on the University Press at the Chicago University.

Messrs. Des Rocher, La Motte and Kleinhaus, spent Sunday, the 23d, as the guests of Herbert Hathaway at Elgin, Ill. Mr. Hathaway is one of the non-resident members of the local club, and has a lucrative position with the Elgin National Watch Company.

The Chicago Day Schools' session opens September 8th, and indications point to a good-sized attendance. Mr. Gallaher and Miss

Griswold, the two deaf teachers, will be found at their usual posts.

A New York visitor would find much to keep him from becoming homesick if he happened to have a liking for water sports and "sea" air, as up on the southern shore of the city one can find Coney Island, Rockaway, Manhattan, Long Branch, Cape May, etc., etc. If imitation is the sincerest flattery, then New York has nothing to complain of in this similarity in names. Of course, there's a difference—several of them—the water isn't salt and the crowds and lots of other things are lacking, but the enjoyment is entered into with just as much zest. Manhattan beach is the nearest, and is the favorite with the deaf.

Chicago dailies tell of a freak that will be exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1900; it being a woman having two faces and three tongues, but who is perfectly dumb. The average woman will exclaim "what a pity, and three tongues too!"

"Phil Dean" of St. Louis has a familiar tone in his letters which leads the writer to believe "Phil" to be an old fellow "Cor" of his on at least two other papers.

Those who have been passing the summer at the several resorts are beginning to return home, and it is expected the Fall social season will soon be in full swing.

Chicago Day, Oct. 9th, the anniversary of the starting of the great Chicago fire, has become a fixed day of "observance and celebration" here. The Pas-a-Pas Club will give an entertainment in which stories, anecdotes and tableaux of the fire will have parts. Many of the older deaf residents have personal experiences to relate, some of which show trials and escapes of which the younger generation do not dream of. Mr. Codman has charge of the entertainment of the club. At a former celebration in the old club rooms, "Mrs. O'Leary's cow" was shown in the act of kicking over the lamp, and Mr. Sullivan, who was the "cow" at that time, can remember how he was nearly suffocated by the fumes of a plate of red fire, which some one placed directly under the nose of the "cow" instead of the usual bran-mash. This year's celebration bids fair to eclipse all previous ones.

Edward J. Dahl and Christine Steinmetz were married Saturday, August 29th, by the Rev. Mr. Reinke, at the Lutheran Church, corner of McReynolds and Paulina Streets. There were about three hundred people present, of whom some fifty were deaf, those present being almost exclusively Germans. After the ceremony the guests repaired to a hall where a feast was served, winding up with dancing, etc.

F. P. G.

Interesting Service.

REV. MANN, EPISCOPAL MISSIONARY TO DEAF-MUTES, IN CANTON.

An exceedingly interesting church service was held at St. Paul's last night at 7.45 P.M. The deaf-mutes of Canton and their friends met to witness evening prayer and an eloquent sermon by the Rev. Austin W. Mann on the text "Render Unto Caesar the Things That are Caesar's and Unto God the Things That are God's." The political interests of the day served as a basis of illustration in his sermon. Rev. Mr. Mann is the Episcopal missionary to the deaf-mutes embraced in fifteen dioceses which extend from the Mississippi to the Alleghenies. If the congregations to which he preaches were assembled in one great auditorium they would number 10,000. As one watches the prayer book service with its many responses and the reading of the scriptures and the preaching of the word, all carried on with deep interest and all in profound silence by those participating, he is impressed as never before with the spirit side of man's nature. A deaf-mute is at this disadvantage, however, he cannot close his eyes and let his head drop forward, as the hearer sometimes does, and afterwards protest to the preacher that he was seeing.—Canton, O. Repository.

Maria Guile Lansing.

THREE MILE BAY, Aug. 18.—In the death of Maria Guile Lansing, relict of Henry Lansing, which occurred at her home in this village Aug. 13, 1896, after a lingering illness, there passed from earth a of rare Christian character, whose loss will be deeply felt by all who had formed her acquaintance.

Maria Guile was born at Oppenheim, N. Y., June 1, 1820, and was educated at an institution for the deaf and dumb in New York, receiving the benefit of a seven years' course. In 1843 she was married to Henry Lansing, a former schoolmate, the union proving a most congenial one. Her devotion and care for her husband, who became blind, for twenty years, was untiring and faithful in the extreme, making use of the education she had received, she kept well informed on all questions of the day

and possessed a cultivated mind. She was a lady of strong character with decided principles for truth and morality. Her charities were many and far-reaching, not being confined to her own church nor society, and were given without ostentation. Mrs. Lansing has been a member of the Baptist church since removing to this county over sixty years ago, and while health and strength were sufficient was an earnest, energetic worker in the society. Through a long and tedious illness, with much suffering, she never wavered in the Christian's faith, but patiently waited the Master's call. Deceased leaves a daughter, Mrs. Dr. W. Vincent, and two sisters, all of Three Mile Bay, who deeply miss the presence of a kind and loving mother and sister. The funeral was held at her late home Saturday, Aug. 15th, and was largely attended.—Watertown, N. Y., Gazette, Aug. 19.

"The Official Photographer."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Douglas, has come out strong for certain rights belonging to professional photographers that have been for some time denied us. His reference to the matter of the Empire State Association needs this explanation:

Mr. Van Allen wrote and informed me that I had been selected the "Official Photographer." This was not only advertised, but Mr. Boxley and other committeemen gave me the same information. There must have been a mistake somewhere, for at Rochester Mr. Eddy informed me that I had not been selected sole official photographer. I did not care to dispute the matter—I am getting used to the amateur, and at the rate things are progressing I look forward to a convention where every one shall, in turn, make the convention group, and the matter be settled for all time by allowing no one to sit in the group unless he has his kodak with him.

Seriously though, I was the only photographer to make a group at Rochester. I brought my fifteen years' experience with me, selected a good place, carted benches and chairs, took out "kinks," jollied and good natured the subjects, posed them artistically and made the exposures—four of them, all fine.

When I was through, Mr. Eddy set up his apparatus and simply photographed my group. I had not copyrighted it, so it was any one's—that is, any one's who cared to borrow another man's work. Mr. Eddy sold a number more than I did, for his pictures were less than one-third the size of mine, but his price was higher, relatively, than mine.

I found no fault with the proceeding, because I have gotten quite used to such matters. There is much to cause professional photographer chagrin and discomfiture when he sees people totally unfitted by training and experience step in and underbid him—men who are blacksmiths, tinsmiths, mortar-mixers, and the like, who buy a ten-dollar outfit and essay work that requires the veteran's hand. It is as silly and ridiculous for you to give your work to a photographer of that kind, as it would be to allow an umbrella mender to repair your chronometer or to have your job-printing work done by a boy with a rubber stamp outfit.

The worst of it is, the fakirs in photography—and there are hundreds of them—degrade and cheapen the art. The public suffers by being swindled into buying pictures that are a caricature on art, and will no more be permanent than they will bake sharks' fins or birds' nests, though enough of them would furnish fuel to do so.

The professional won't suffer worst. He has become the prey of every gadding. The competition of the fakir renders it necessary to pay, and pay high, for the privilege of taking a picture of a convention. Formerly it was a source of delight to be able to have a photographer present—now he is told he must pay tribute—20, 30 and 40 per centum, or some fakir gets the work. Committees go on their knees to hotels, to railroads, to newspapers, to printers, and pass votes of thanks to them, but the photographer who carries hundreds of pounds of costly apparatus hundreds of miles, has to spend all the profits to prevent the sharks from getting the work.

If he gets six per cent on the amount he has invested in apparatus per year, he is lucky.

As a professional photographer I make this combination with Brother Douglas for future events: "Not one cent tribute in future"—we will give one dollar's worth of pictures for one dollar—just as we have been doing; but unless the hotel keeper, the railroad man and the printer, pay the piratical premium, we won't.

ALEX. L. PACH.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3, '97.

The deaf man now no longer needs to walk the railroad track. The sewer finds him on the street And wads him to the skies.
—Indianapolis Journal.

COLUMBUS.

"There is Always Room for Improvement."

"THE READING CIRCLE."

A Surprise Party--Addition to the Russell Conservatory--Visitors, Etc.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

"There is always room for improvement." Some of the young ladies of the bindery force no doubt are of this opinion. In order to carry it out, they recently held a meeting at the residence of Mr. A. H. Schory, where a couple of them make their home, to conceive some plan whereby they can better intellectually improve their minds during spare time from work, as when at home of evenings, and time hangs heavily with them.

After all had gotten together, Miss M. E. Morris, one of the co-eds of Gallaudet College, was called to preside, and Miss Cora Dickson to act as Secretary *pro tem*.

It was agreed to form an association to be known as "The Reading Circle." Its object to be chiefly to promote a taste for good reading among its members and to furnish the means for cultivating it.

The following officers were chosen: President, Mrs. Beulah Crout Miller; Vice-President, Miss Nettie Jones; Secretary, Miss Edith Biggam; Treasurer, Miss Cora Dickson. At a subsequent meeting held at the home of Miss Nettie Jones, Misses Morris, Jones and Patterson were chosen to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the society. A committee, consisting of Misses Rodman, Jones and Dickson, is to prepare a programme of readings.

The membership fee will be \$1. Each member is also to subscribe to some good paper or magazine, which is to be loaned in turn to others.

The young ladies have done a laudable thing in perfecting such an organization among themselves, for it cannot but be of great advantage to them, and we hope they will not soon grow tired of it and allow the thing to die out. We understand a room convenient to the bindery, will be secured and fitted up, where its members, at certain hours, will have free access to help themselves to a feast of intellectual knowledge, and also for the purpose of holding its regular meetings.

Fine, cool, moonlight evenings this week, and this no doubt tempted some of the younger people to perpetrate a surprise on one of their number, Thursday evening. The victim selected, was Miss M. E. Morris, and the place, where she makes her home, the residence of Mr. A. H. Schory. Her room-mate did her best to get her off to bed at an early hour, but the coolness of the evening drove Morpheus away and tempted her to do a little extra cooking for to-morrow's lunch. While in the kitchen overlooking the preparations she had in mind, the surprises entered the front room and took possession of the quarters, and when she was called in, words failed to respond at the attempt to speak, so she was excused for the time being and informed why those present had come over for the evening.

For a couple of hours following, mirth and pleasure held supreme from various games indulged, winding up with the serving of ice-cream and cake. The following were the company: Misses Sadie Young, Gussie and May Greener, Nora Patterson, Nettie Jones, Edith Biggam, Cora Dickson, Nellie Dundon, Mary Hoyl and Mrs. Beulah Crout Miller; Messrs. Clarence Charles, Charles Neillie, of Cleveland, Elmer Elsey, Fred Schwartz, Joseph Neutzing, Frank Jones and Clarence Jones.

The northeast addition of the Russell Conservatory, which was used for holding the larger varieties of palm plants, has been taken down, and some of the plants disposed of to a florist in the city. A new addition has been erected at the northwest corner of the rose house. Other portions of the conservatory have had the old beds removed, which had become decayed by long use, and new ones substituted. There are but few plants kept in the house during the summer, except for germinating purposes and some that flower in the fall. Hence this was a good time to make repairs.

The grounds of the Institution never looked more beautiful than they do now, with the bright green grass studded over with beds of vari-colored blooming geraniums and other ornamental plants and flowers.

The Bellaire Glass Works, in which Mr. Samuel Corbett works, have blown out their fires for a season. Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Corbett have come to pay a visit to the latter's parents and friends in the city.

Mr. Charles Neillie, of Cleveland, came down here from Toledo Monday, where he had been teaching a purchaser of a bicycle from the firm for whom he works how to use the machine. When he reached here he had to put his own machine in the shop for repairs, having broken one of the pedals. Also while running through the passage between the bindery and shop buildings the fore tire was punctured, by a small nail. During his stay he was the guest of Foreman Charles of the printing-office. He left yesterday for Gambier, O., but will be back during State Fair week.

The pupils upon their return to school will find in their dormitories a new set of beds—the old iron and wooden ones giving place to the latest pattern with wire springs and brass top mounts. They are all painted white and each is supplied with a hair mattress. They present a very neat appearance, and when the beds are made up and each covered with a white spread, make the room look handsome. Three hundred and sixty beds have been purchased with forty more to be added.

There was an old-time pupil visitor at the Institution during the week. His name is John G. Sheely and his home Mt. Healthy. He entered school in 1854 and left five years later. The full course of instruction then was seven years, now it is twelve. Rev. Collins Stone was the then Superintendent. There was only one person about the Institution whom he knew during his school life, Mr. Wm. H. H. Grigsby. The only remembrance of the place left to him is the old school building now used as the bindery, the new one, in fact the change of the whole place, was a surprise to him.

Mr. McGregor took a train the first of the week for Cleveland, and after spending a day or so there was to make a circuit on his wheel to Mr. A. H. Schory at Minerva, Akron, Cambridge, Zanesville, New Lexington and then home.

Report has it from Cleveland that a Mr. Carroll has been selected to supervise the Day School for the Deaf in that city. We suppose it is Mr. Eddie R. Carroll, a graduate from here and later foreman of the California Institution printing-office for some years.

With the State Fair, a locomotive smash up, and Presidential Candidate Bryan all in one week, to be the attractions of the city, it will draw big crowds here.

A. B. G.

Aug. 29, '96.

DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

PROF. JAMES GOODWIN DELIVERED THE SERMON YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

Prof. James Goodwin, the deaf-mute, who is one of the best known teachers of the deaf and a member of the faculty of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Baton Rouge, preached at the Deaf-Mute Welcome Mission, No. 617 St. Charles Street, yesterday afternoon, taking his text from the Romans 13:12—"Let us put on the armor of Light." This was the first occasion that the deaf-mutes of New Orleans had had the pleasure of seeing the well-known preacher, and he succeeded in making a very favorable impression upon all. His sermon, besides being interesting, possessed the additional merit of being very instructive, and it was enjoyed by the large crowd in attendance.

After the service Prof. Goodwin gave a short talk on the work which was being accomplished by the mission, and he spoke in the highest terms of the efforts of those in charge, saying that it was bound to be a success if they continued in their exertions, and could not but be a benefit for the deaf-mutes of the city.

Prof. Goodwin was born at Mayfield, Fleming's County, Ky., where he was reared and received his early instruction. He was then sent to the Indiana Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, where he remained for five years, and at close of this period entered the Illinois Institution at Jacksonville, Ill., where he was graduated in 1859. One year afterward he was appointed a teacher in the State Institution at Baton Rouge, which position he now occupies. At present he is in New Orleans canvassing for the deaf, dumb and blind institution, but will leave shortly for the Camp Grounds. He expects to return to his home in Baton Rouge some time in the latter part of the week.

The professor expressed himself well pleased with the welcome where he received here, and said that he would probably repeat his visit to New Orleans next month, He will then deliver another sermon at the mission.

The Deaf-Mute Mission is open every Sunday, and all are invited to attend the services which are given.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*, Aug. 17.

A LOVELY SAIL.

On the afternoon of Thursday, August 20th, the inmates at the Gallaudet Home had their promised excursion. It was a splendid treat and very much enjoyed. To speak of the weather, it was cool and beautiful, a marked change having taken place within the past few days, for prior to that it was intensely warm and caused more or less prostration. The silent folks were ready by one o'clock and waited for the signal to depart. Presently the sound of wagon wheels was heard coming up the road and it sent a thrill of gladness to every heart. When the vehicle halted at the front door, Mrs. Kipp, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Graham, Misses Spear and Lockwood, and Mr. Clark, got in and went off in care of janitor Gardner. He deserves credit for the cheerful and satisfactory manner in which he discharged his duty. The wagon returned a short time after for the party which consisted of Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Barnhart, Misses Fischel and Hawes and your scribe. Matron Davis, Miss Bailey, Mrs. Edwards, and blind Miss Levy, were provided with an other conveyance. In order to reach the spot where the boat was to land, they drove through Mr. Wayne's grounds. The men walked all the way to Clinton Point but they fared no worse for it. I hope the JOURNAL readers will not consider it a violation of the law when I tell them that we were obliged to cross the railroad tracks, because it was absolutely necessary to do so. The whole party remained under the shady trees until the boat put in an appearance. It was the pretty little steamer Queen City, which had been chartered on two former occasions, but it was in a new press and some changes were noticeable. All aboard the Queen City, Capt. H. Smith at the helm, steamed away, the stars and stripes flying in the summer breeze. Some friends happened to be on the shore and waved their handkerchiefs as a parting salute. While we were gliding along it seemed like a beautiful panorama passing before our eyes. The grand old hills reminded us of the towering snow-capped Alps of Switzerland. Crafts of different descriptions could be seen coming and going, among them was the Julia Safford crowded to its utmost capacity with excursionists bound for New York. Cottages, hotels and farm houses were scattered here and there on either side of the river and gave a charm to the scenery. Judging from the constant use of hands and fingers, the deaf-mutes had a great deal to talk about. Ice-cream and cakes were served and there was plenty of candy.

Mr. C. M. Nelson, Mrs. R. F. Crary, Mrs. D. Porter Lord, Miss E. P. Nelson and Mrs. Chas. H. Roberts, representing the lady managers of the home, chanced to be on hand and rendered valuable assistance. Mrs. Davis, our kind motherly matron, spared no pains to add to the enjoyment and did her part well. On the down trip the headquarters near Newburg which General Washington occupied during the revolutionary war came in sight. West Point was hailed and some of us caught a glimpse of the grim old military college from which many of Uncle Sam's distinguished men were graduated. In a conversation with one of the inmates, Miss Lizzie Nelson remarked that she did not think the Rhine of Germany can compare in grandeur and picturesque scenery with the world-renowned Hudson.

Mrs. Totten was unable to join the party owing to her advanced age, for the doctor said she should be kept quiet. Mr. Sprague preferred to stay at home and work his loom, but he lost a nice sail. Through the kindness of a lady friend, your correspondent was furnished with a list of the names of some who were on the boat and which are given in this article Mrs. R. F. Crary, Mr. Fulton Crary, Miss Mary Lift, Mrs. and Mr. D. P. Lord, Miss Howland, Miss Daisy Sanford, Miss Mamie Leary, Mrs. Charles Roberts, Mr. Thornton Roberts, Mr. George Dunn, of Pennsylvania, Master Gliddin Hufcut, Miss Marion Trost, Mr. Allen Trost, Mrs. E. A. Davis, Miss Bailey, Mr. Merwin Nelson, Mrs. Charles C. McMan.

Mrs. E. H. Parker was prevented coming on our excursion on account of the serious illness of her husband, Dr. E. H. Parker. We went about twenty-five miles south of Poughkeepsie. There were only four outside deaf-mutes. As it was nearing six o'clock, the Queen City left the west shore and sailed back to the spot where it had anchored on its trip from Poughkeepsie.

We experienced a little difficulty in getting out of the boat, because we had to climb over seats, there being no gangway. The homeward ride was perfectly delightful, for the full moon cast her silvery rays all around, transforming night into day. Arriving here the family partook of a plain supper, then they indulged in conversation, but finally becoming weary and sleepy, they retired.

LOUISE.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Deaf-Mute in Serious Trouble.

WEDDING BELLS TO RING AT WILLIAMSPORT.

A Deaf-Mute Robbed--Personal Notes.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

A certain deaf person living in the central part of the city, whose name we withhold for the present, is in trouble. He is rather intelligent, and has always been known as a quiet and unobtrusive fellow. It appears that he unconsciously tripped into the meshes of the law. The facts of his case are only partially known as yet, and so far his own mother has imparted the information. About a week ago this fellow had some pictures taken at a place near Fairmount Park. They proved to be very unsatisfactory to him, and so great was his disappointment that he openly denounced them on the street near the photographer's place of business. It was observed by the photographer, who felt offended, and, thinking that the deaf man's actions constituted a case of boycott against his store, had him arrested on such a charge. He now lingers in jail awaiting trial, having, it is said, refused an offer to hunt bail.

It is hard to know how the case will turn out, with such meagre information to judge from. Boycotting is a crime in this State and punishable. That's a fact. But whether there is a clear case of this kind against this fellow or not, we do not feel positive of. It seems that both men were laboring under a high passion, which precipitated things as related above.

We have received an invitation to be present at the marriage of Miss Bessie L. Goodfellow to Mr. Gus. M. Fahnestock, on Tuesday evening, September first, at the home of the bride's mother, 645 Maple Street, Williamsport, Pa. The Rev. J. M. Koehler will officiate.

Mr. E. D. Wilson, whose father has for years been at the head of a wholesale clothier's firm, and built up an extensive trade on Third Street, near Market, generously offers to sell to any deaf-mute clothing at wholesale prices. It must be remembered that, as it is not a retail house, the privilege can only be got by going directly to him. Several deaf-mutes have availed themselves of the opportunity.

The usual monthly celebration of the Holy Communion, will be held at All Souls' Church on Sunday morning, September 6th, at 10:30 o'clock.

Within two weeks the prolonged inactivity at All Souls' Club will have ceased. There are no meetings held during the summer season unless specially desired, but the rooms always remain open for the use of the members.

A letter, which we received from Miss Effie L. Parker, locates her at Rochester, N. Y. She has been having such a good time that it is no wonder that she should write, "I am not homesick for Philadelphia at all." Guess she will come back any way. In company with three sisters, she visited the Thousand Islands, and had a most delightful time.

Miss Eliza Loughridge returned from her vacation on Saturday, but will be the guest of the Miss Cora Ford for a week before resuming her duties at Mt. Airy.

Frederick Buch enjoyed a day in the City-by-the-Sea last week.

Mrs. Jas. S. Reider and child return from their sojourn in the country on Monday evening.

Rev. J. M. Koehler appeared in the city unexpectedly last Friday to attend to some business matters. He left again the same day, and will return about the middle of this week.

A number of deaf-mutes witnessed the game of ball between the Cincinnati and home teams on Saturday afternoon. Hoy attracting them. The home team won by 5 to 4. The following are known to have been there: Messrs. Breen, Wilson, Lee, Houston, Underwood, Gunkel and Yerkes.

Messrs. Mondeau, F. Wilson, Tafe, Ormord, and McCarthy went to Newark, N. J., on Saturday, to attend the picnic of the deaf of that city, and they represented the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club.

The following is taken from the Sunday Record:—

William F. Irwin, a deaf-mute, of No. 644 Willard Street, Camden, complained to the police yesterday that while he was doing in a saloon, he had been robbed of a gold watch and chain, two rings and a small sum of money.

John P. Deise returns to Harrisburg to-day, in response to a telegram, to resume work in the State Printing-office, having been on furlough.

The Special Committee of All Souls' Club, appointed last June to

learn if a trolley party can be profitably arranged for those of the members who desire it, has decided to report favorably to the President, who will then name the committee to arrange it. It will probably occur on September 15th, or about that time, as that seems to be the most favorable time.

Mr. Lipsett brought his family home from Roxborough on Sunday.

Messrs. Waterhouse, Underwood, and Johnson contemplate a trip to the Gettysburg battlefield, Baltimore and Washington, in the latter part of September.

Hoy, the deaf-mute ball player, is here again with the Cincinnati team. Judging by the way his admirers besiege him in the evening at the Hotel Hanover, he must feel at home here. On Sunday morning he visited All Souls' Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Delp and Mr. Yoder visited friends in Woodbury, N. J., on Sunday week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Salter, of Trenton, N. J., are visiting here, but the former also wishes to secure work. He is a saw-maker.

Peter Adler happened to find a cousin manager of the employment bureau connected with a German Society at the corner of Spring Garden and Marshall Streets. He hopes, though him, to get work soon.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Paul, who left here about a week ago for their home in Boston, write back that they arrived home safely, and were very much pleased with their trip here.

Miss L. K. Denlinger and brother, John K. Denlinger, of Bird-in-Hand, Pa., and Mr. Henry S. Stevenson and his sister Georgie, were in Asbury Park last Thursday. Mr. Stevenson is now traveling in the New England States.

Mrs. Mary A. Paullin, who is the oldest living graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, passed her eighty-fifth year on August 23d.

A party, consisting of Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett and family, Mr. Charles W. Waterhouse and Miss Rosie Laird, made a trip to Cape May by the steamer Republic on Saturday, and enjoyed a most delightful time. They returned the same day.

J. S. R.

PHILA., Aug. 31, '96.

BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 30, '96.—We see by the papers, that Li Hung Chang, the eminent statesman and Special Ambassador from the Chinese Emperor, is in New York; the guest of the United States. Our Governor Lowndes has invited him to be the guest of the State of Maryland, at Annapolis.

We come to the fact that the summer of '96 is beginning to wane, and the pupils are preparing to go back to school, which opens on the 9th of September. Some are glad, while some hate to go.

Prof. and Mrs. Houghton and two pretty little girls, of Knoxville, Tenn., are visiting their relatives in this city. "Myrtle" and the Misses Helen and Fannie Wells, accidentally came across them at the Ford's Opera Theatre, where Al. G. Field's Minstrels and Utopians was going on. They were pleased to meet Prof. and Mrs. Houghton. Prof. Houghton is a teacher at the Knoxville School for the Deaf.

Mr. F. A. Leitner spent his last week of vacation in Washington, D. C., and the last week he enjoyed best of all. He has gone to Pittsburgh. Good-bye to all the deaf-mutes of this city.

Mr. Fred Lurmann's mother, Mrs. C. A. Lurmann, and her daughter Bertha, are whiling away time very pleasantly at Atlantic City.

Oyster tonging in Maryland waters will begin the first of September. Some of the deaf-mutes are oyster dredgers.

It is said a priest (whose name I do not know) of New York City, will come here to preach before the deaf-mutes at St. Joseph Guild hall next Sunday afternoon.

To H. S., the Philadelphia correspondent of the Register: Thanks for your compliments concerning Baltimore and its deaf community. Do not forget to come to see Wells, Md., when you are thirsty.

Miss Lola Pettit, who has been spending several weeks with her classmate, Lulu Pancost, in Virginia, returned to Baltimore last week, increasing her weight from 106 to 123 pounds. She is as brown as a berry.

Mr. and Mrs. Branflick, who intended to stay in Eastern Shore for several weeks, were compelled to come home sooner on account of their nephew's death. They have our heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. John Zang and Miss Frieda Lingman entered into the realm of unspeakable bliss, last Sunday evening at 5:30 o'clock. They will reside at 2106 East Townsend Street. Mrs. John Zang is twenty-two years old, and came to this country from Germany, three years ago. She is a handsome hearing lady.

Rev. Mr. Volluse, a Methodist preacher, of Frederick, filled the pulpit at the Eutaw Street Methodist Episcopal Church, this afternoon, and delivered a good sermon

on silver and gold. There was a fair attendance.

Mr. Lurmann, who always wore chrysanthemum hair has had it cut off similar to a Mexican dog. MYRTLE.

SAVED MOTHER AND BABE.

The crowd of excursionists waiting for Rockaway Beach and Canarsie trains at the Howard House, at Atlantic and Alabama Avenues, Brooklyn, Friday, August 28th, were witnesses to a thrilling rescue of a young woman and her baby by Patrolmen John Undermark and Oscar Jones, of the Liberty Avenue Station.

The rescued ones were Mrs. G. Vincent Warren, of Alabama Avenue, near Atlantic, and her year-old child. Mrs. Warren and her husband are deaf-mutes. They were out for a walk and had the child along with them in a baby carriage.

The couple were attempting to cross Atlantic Avenue, when a trolley car came swinging around the corner. Mrs. Warren, who was slightly in advance of her husband, saw the car, and, to avoid it, rushed across the tracks, pushing the baby carriage in front of her. She failed to notice that an express train of the Long Island Railroad was rapidly approaching the crossing, and that the gates were being lowered.

Being unable to hear the warning shouts of the gateman and the crowd on the sidewalk, the woman rushed ahead until she was trapped between the lowered gates and right in the path of the oncoming express. It looked like certain death for the woman and child, and a cry of horror went up from the crowd.

Patrolmen Undermark and Jones were on the south side of the crossing, and, seeing Mrs. Warren's danger, sprang to the rescue. They vaulted the low gate, and, jumping across the track, Undermark, who is tall and powerful, picked up the baby carriage with its little occupant and sprang to one side.

Mrs. Warren started to run, but tripped and fell. The train was nearly upon her when Officer Jones, picking her up bodily, sprang over to the east track just as the express thundered by.

The whole affair occupied but a minute's time, the rescue being so quickly effected that the crowd scarcely realized that the mother and her babe had been saved from what looked like certain death. Then they swarmed around the two brave officers and cheered them to the echo for the heroism.

John T. Horsman, a wealthy billiard table manufacturer, who witnessed the rescue, intends presenting each of the policemen with a handsome gold medal in recognition of the deed.

Mrs. Warren was formerly Miss Nellie Kortright, a pupil of the New York Institution, and her husband was at one time a student at Gallaudet College.

Quiet Fun at a Picnic.

DEAF-MUTES OF PITTSBURG AND VICINITY TO ENJOY AN OUTING AT ROCK POINT—ADDRESS BY GENERAL MISSIONARY MANN.

Fun is not necessarily boisterous. Indeed, there have been philosophers who have declared that the quiet man has keener enjoyment than man who shouts at the top of his voice, roars with laughter and rolls over the floor. This sort of philosophy may be vindicated to-day at Rock Point.

There will be held the annual picnic of the members of St. Margaret's Deaf-Mute Mission, connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church. They have invited other deaf-mutes of Pittsburgh and Allegheny and of the towns of the Beaver Valley to join them. Although some three thousand mutes, men, women and children, are expected to be at Rock Point and have a jolly time. It will be the quietest picnic ever held there. Although there may be innumerable fistie demonstrations, no one will strike a blow.

The general missionary of the Episcopal Church among the deaf-mutes, Rev. A. W. Mann, will be present and make an interesting address. It will not be of the noisy kind, such as Candidate Bryan is becoming celebrated for. The squirrels and the birds will not be scared out of the woods.

Rev. A. W. Mann will hold services for deaf-mutes at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. next Sunday in the chapel of St. Peter's Church, Grant and Diamond Streets. The holy communion will be administered at the morning service.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*, Aug. 20.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES SEPTEMBER 6.

FOUREENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's in St. John, the Evangelist, Church, N. Y.

Holy Communion 11 A.M., usual service at 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, at 3 P.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, 3 P.M.

He Cannot Speak, Hear or See.

BUT THIS DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND LAD IMPROVES EACH SHINING HOUR AND MAKES FRIENDS.

Tom Stringer, a little boy who is deaf, dumb and blind, is one of the happiest and most conscientious mortals in the world. He is an inmate of the Kindergarten for the Blind at Jamaica Plain, near Boston. Five years ago, when Tom was four years old, he was more like an animal than a human being. He was put in charge of a special teacher at the kindergarten, and his naturally bright mind soon showed the effects of training.

Here was a boy who could not see, hear nor speak, and who had no idea of the difference between right and wrong. He was taught to feed himself, to go about the house by himself, and, what is of more importance from the psychological standpoint, was instructed in the moral distinctions made by enlightened men. Obedience, authority and the fundamental features of the rights of property were impressed upon him.

GREAT PROGRESS.

Tom Stringer can read, write, and do sums in arithmetic. He is very quick at figures and is fond of long problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. Stories relating to animals, especially to horses, he reads with great enthusiasm. His mind is said by his teachers to be naturally strong and quick, and he shows remarkable versatility in his mental make-up.

Having been grounded at the outset in the more general propositions pertaining to morality, he is able to make fine distinctions for himself. He is not hampered by the crude questions that surround the rights of property, but is fitted to indulge in the more delicate moral problems that come to the advancing mind. He has learned that industry is preferable to idleness, that good-nature is superior to irritability, that obedience to authority and regard for the feelings of others bring their legitimate reward.

Tom Stringer has no parent, brother or sister. His great desire is to be useful to other people. He is never so pleased as when he is given an errand to do. He posts letters, carries messages from teacher to teacher, and strives in every way to render himself of value to those around him.

Tom Stringer's loyalty to the highest lessons of morality that, in spite of his physical handicap, he has been able to learn, has made him many friends. He is a great favorite in the kindergarten, and he receives letters and presents by mail from strangers who have heard of his afflictions and his progress. Sums of money from many sources have been received by his teachers to care for him in the years to come. He is grateful for all these blessings, and in spite of his afflictions is a little optimistic in his general views of life.—*N. Y. World*, Aug. 16.

Trades for the Deaf.

There must be something wrong with the trades taught in schools for the deaf, judging from the numbers of young men who follow the peddling business. Not long ago a muscular fellow, to all appearance about nineteen years of age, who graduate this year, was peddling needles in one of the famous New Jersey seaside resorts, and said that he had tried to secure work, and had to fall back to this method of earning a living. The party who he related this story is a hard-working and honest fellow, and couldn't see it in this light, as he had but recently met several others who were following the same method—i. e., peddling. Indeed, the number has increased. There may be some who could secure work, if they were willing to work, but with the majority, it must be believed as they say, they "can't get work at the trade they learned at school," so they have to earn their living some way, and as peddling seems easy, and seems to pay, the number is increasing.

The above facts are food for the Principals and Superintendents of Schools for the Deaf to consider, now that the school term for 1896-'97 is about to re-open. Without the introduction of machinery and other improvements, some trades as taught in the past are out of date. Some new trade that the deaf can secure work at after graduating, ought to be taught, or the money expended in teaching the hitherto old-fashioned trades will be wasted in vain, as the result will more deaf-mute peddlers, which in this advanced age ought not to be permitted.

Of the trades hitherto not taught at institutions, where the deaf could learn, book-binding seems to be one of the most desirable, as there is always a demand for skilled hands.

This is not written with the intention of setting of forth what kind of trades are the best, but to point out that additions could be made to the really useful trades now included in institution trade schools.

